

## GLORY FOR HEROES WHILE THEY LIVE

Dr. Lewis Urges Innovation  
in Confederacy Work.

ATTENDS MOBILE REUNION

Washington Man, Who is Chairman  
of the Monumental Committee,  
Declares Old Soldiers Who Survive  
War Gave Best Part of Their Lives.

Stop building monuments to the Confederate dead until the living have been cared for, is the recommendation made yesterday, before the twentieth annual convention and reunion of the United Confederate Veterans at Mobile, by Dr. Samuel E. Lewis, of Washington, chairman of the monumental committee.

"It should be remembered that the soldier sacrificed, for his State, for the Confederacy, and the Southern people, those years on the threshold of life dear to him for the opportunity for educational preparation to fit him for future usefulness in professional, commercial, or other walk in life, with possible attainment of competency to render easy and peaceful his declining years," says the report. "He has now reached an age when he might reasonably expect to retire from the active affairs of life, but the unfortunate veterans must labor, and suffer still longer. These old comrades have a moral claim upon their fellow-citizens of the South for their welfare which we, at least, cannot honorably thrust aside or ignore."

**Urges Legislative Relief.**  
"It is to be hoped that there shall be an awakening of public sentiment which shall take action resulting in serious consideration by the several State legislatures looking to relief and encouragement for those who have been vanquished in the struggle of life. The monumental work now largely engaging the efforts of the people of the South might well be held in abeyance till all needed relief shall be given the living Confederate veteran soldiers."

The report says the committee wishes to make it easy and inexpensive to issue official recognition of services, and upon the failure to provide authoritative testimonial and heirloom in accordance with the custom of all countries.

"The committee wishes it made clear it does not underestimate the honor which should be accorded to the hero's deeds and the patriotic cause for which he suffered. His memory should be kept green by honoring his grave with watchful care, by monuments of marble and bronze, historical tablets, memorial institutions, memorial parks, and otherwise as the tender sentiment of the Southern people may devise."

**Uniformity of Memorials.**  
The committee points out special duty pertaining to the locating and care of Confederate graves, seeing that they become marked with a uniform headstone of distinctive shape, bearing adequate inscription of the name of the soldier, his rank, his State, and the letters signifying Confederate States Army, as adopted by the convention of veterans at New Orleans in 1896. And the committee refers to its duties as one of present moment and sacred character, one which will provide records wherein the Sons of Veterans will find lesson and patriotic inspiration when the Confederate soldier will have forever passed away.

Believing that the duty of erecting memorial evidences to last for all time is no small task and should not be taken up lightly, and that the future will judge us by them in direct proportion to the art and merit of the work, the committee recommends great care in the selection of artists and designs. And it believes that the designs would best be of Southern origin and that Southern artists would have more feeling in their work.

Special reference is made to the action of the general government in the reburial of the Confederate dead in Arlington Cemetery and marking the graves, and to the appropriation of \$200,000 for the marking of graves of 30,000 soldiers and sailors of the Confederate army and navy who died in Northern prisons."

The monuments and memorials deemed to be especially worthy of mention are the following:

The monument at Vicksburg to Lieut. Gen. Stephen D. Lee, C. S. army.  
The Jefferson Davis Memorial Park, at Patuxent, Ky., commemorating the birthplace of Jefferson Davis.

The restoration of the name of Jefferson Davis at Cabin John Bridge, near Washington, D. C.  
The rehabilitation of old Bladensburg Church, near Petersburg, Va.—a Confederate memorial military chapel.

The monument at Andersonville, Ga., in memory of Capt. Henry Wirz, C. S. army.

The proposed monument to Samuel Preston Moore, surgeon general, Confederate States.

"The rise and fall of the Confederate government," by Jefferson Davis, pronounced the greatest monument that has been erected to the Confederacy.

Monument to the women of the Confederacy—where place ministrations to our wounded soldiers soothed the last hours of those who died far from the objects of their tenderest love."

**Women And Menus.**  
From the Baltimore Sun.  
"Have you ever noticed," writes an observant man, "that no woman can choose a meal from a menu, or, at least, she never does?"

"Go into the restaurant or grill-room of any of the leading hotels and watch. A woman will pick up the menu, toy with it for a moment or two, and then place it in front of her without even a pretense of reading it. The actual task of ordering her lunch or dinner she leaves to whoever is with her. Why is that?"

"I will let you into a secret," said a head waiter when the question was put to him. "Women look at menus not to choose dishes, but to note prices. Women customers here are cultured, shrewd and businesslike, and whether they have much or little money they are careful to know the exact amount they are spending."

"A woman does not care to take the trouble of looking through a menu item by item. She prefers to ask us what we have, and we very carefully explain the dishes and advise her."

"This is matinee day and, as is usual on matinee days, several parties of three or four ladies lunched here before going to the theater. Many of them were regular customers, who leave the ordering of the lunch to us, and the majority had a light, inexpensive meal, with a glass of white wine or mineral water."

**She Changed It.**  
"My dear," said Mr. Timm to his fiancée, Miss Strong, "I don't think I ought to tell you that while my disposition is good enough at times I'm rather flimsy; that's the worst of it."

"Ah!" she remarked, significantly, "I'll make the best of it."

## INDIAN RIVER BUTTERFLIES.

The Great Southern White Butterfly as Observed in Florida.

Winthrop Packard, in Boston Transcript.

By the roadside spurges show red involucres and everywhere you find the low growing composite blooms of the plant which produces the "Spanish needles," seeds that are spear-like alkenes to stab as you pass. The white petals of this composite flower are no whiter than the wings of the great Southern white butterfly that seems to delight most of all in feeding on this pretty, daisy-like blossom.

Nor can the numbers of the blossoms, though they increase to myriads as the summer comes on, equal those myriads of Southern white butterflies that make the ridge their hostelry and the road which leads Southward their highway. Now it is between seasons with them, the swarms of last summer having passed Southward, the swarms to come with this summer not having yet been born, yet already they make the road a place of snowflakes, scurrying on March winds all hither and thither. They are as white as snow in flight, the tiny marking of black on the margin of the primaries serving only to accentuate the whiteness. So when they light and fold the wings the greenish tint of the secondaries beneath is only that reflected light which becomes green in some shadow. They serve to make the day cool while the sun is fervid, and to walk toward it even at a moderate pace is to perspire freely. Just as the snowflakes during a white storm seem to scurry together in companionship and alight in groups beneath some sheltering shrub, so toward nightfall when the level sun just tops the ridge to the westward these Southern snowflakes dance together in scurrying flocks and light in dense groups beneath some overhanging shrub which shelters them from the wind. There they will land in groups of hundreds, waiting for the reviving warmth of the next morning's sun.

Stranger than this is the passing of what seem marshaled hosts along this Indian River road toward the South. This has hardly begun as yet. The exceptional cold of the winter has kept the images in chrysalis and the rush is not yet on. But the time will come soon when it will begin in earnest. Then each day uncountable millions will pass any given point, coming from the North and going toward the South, all along this Indian River ridge. Over on the island even greater numbers will be a part of the astonishing procession. Whether this is continued Westward into the interior of the State, I cannot say, nor do I know whence they come nor whether they go. Perhaps some West coast observer will be able to state whether this flight goes to the South there or whether the vast numbers round the Southern end of the peninsula and go North again. I know that last November this same Southern movement was noticeable in the northern portion of the State, about Jacksonville. In its aggregate it must reach a number of butterflies which might well stagger the imagination. I think its cause is easy to guess at. The prevailing gentle winds of the region are from the south, and, just as a wild duck rising from the water must fly against the wind to get into the air, so butterflies fly easiest against a gentle breeze. They heat hither and thither in search of food and of mates, but if they go with the wind their flight is far too rapid to serve this purpose. A butterfly attacked will go off down the wind at an express train speed. But as soon as his flight is over you will find him beating to windward again. More over, butterflies hunt, both for food and for mates, by scent. Therefore, against the wind is their only logical course.

I think that really answers the whole query. The trade winds blow gently all summer long, and most of the time during the winter, from the southeast. Hence the butterflies beating against it come to the coast line and follow it down, swimming the Indian River road with their whiteness. What becomes of them all when they get into the lower end of Dale County, I cannot as yet say.

**A Persistent Caller.**  
From the Philadelphia Bulletin.  
"I lunched with Winston Churchill in London," said a journalist, "during his remarkable campaign. This brilliant young cabinet minister, with his American blood through his mother and his dual blood through his father, praised American journalists."

"He gave me an example of our perseverance. Not less than forty-seven American correspondents called on him at the board of trade offices for an interview one week on the American tariff, and as none of them had sufficiently good credentials he refused to see them. Finally a correspondent came with a letter from Mr. Lloyd-George, and him Mr. Churchill saw gladly."

"Do you know," he said to the young man, "that I have refused to see forty-seven of your compatriots on this very subject?"

"I ought to know it," the correspondent answered, "for I'm the whole forty-seven."

**An Old-Fashioned Eater.**  
From the New York Sun.  
The whale had just swallowed Jonah. "Thank goodness the beast doesn't fletchize," cried he.

Consoled by this discovery, he placidly awaited the ejection notice.

**It Was To Laugh.**  
From the Ladies Home Journal.  
"Jane," said a lady rather sharply to her cook, "I must insist that you keep better hours and that you have less company in the kitchen at night. Last night you kept me from sleeping because of the uproarious laughter of one of your woman friends."

"Tis morn, I know," was the apologetic reply; "but she couldn't help it. I was a tellin' of her how you tried to make cake one day."

**Quite So.**  
From Everybody's.  
"You Americans say we 'ave no 'umor,' said the loyal Britisher; 'but I'll 'ave you understand, sir, that English jokes are not to be laughed at!'"

**Appeal.**  
The intrepid general (in the new order) was rallying her wavering troops. "Women!" she cried, "will you give way to manly fears?"

A murmur of indecision ran through the ranks, whereupon the leader shot the last arrow in her quiver:

"Will you," she fiercely demanded, "show the white feather in a season when feathers are not being worn?"

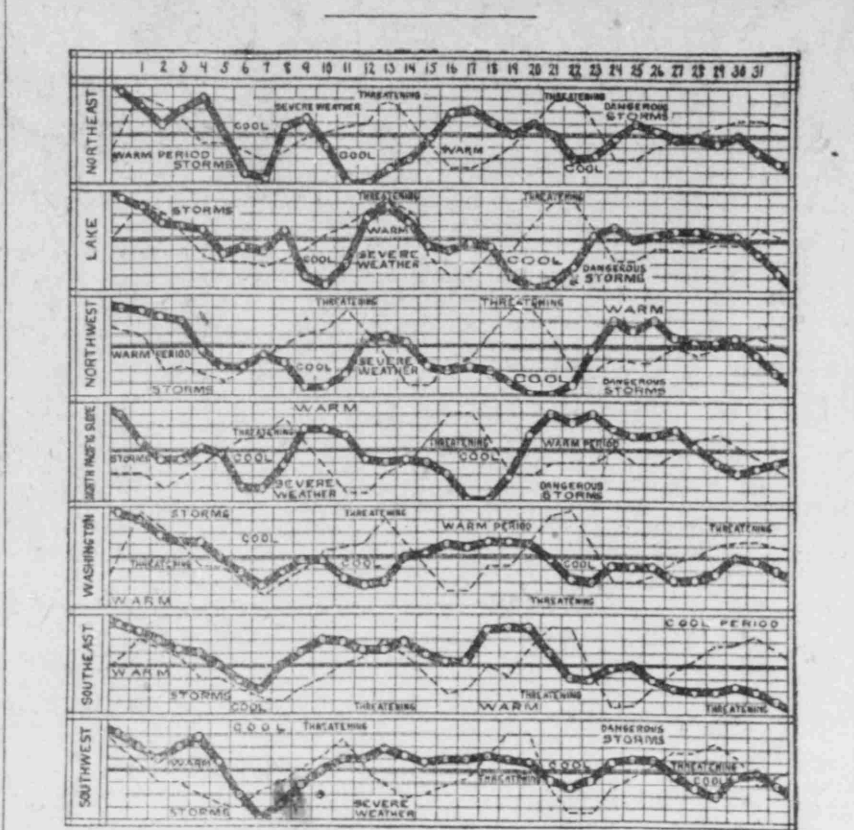
The effect was electrical. "Never!" roared the soldiery, and forming quickly in battle array they once more hurled themselves on the enemy.

**How Weakless.**  
Reckless Reggie—Great heavens! Do I see you speaking in the street to a meek waiter?

Wicked Willie—Deah boy, he used to be a waiter fellow, but now he's a band-tender.

"Haw! Introduce me when next we meet."

## FOSTER'S MAY, 1910, WEATHER CHARTS



In the above seven charts the treble, horizontal, straight lines represent normal temperatures and rainfall. The heavy zigzag lines with round spots in them are forecasts of temperatures. The heavy other broken zigzag lines are forecasts of rainfall. High temperatures and heavy rains are expected where these lines go above the normal lines, and the reverse where they go below.

### A TRAITOR'S PUNISHMENT.

Lieut. Ulmo's Easy Life as a Prisoner on Devil's Island.

From the London Globe.  
The first man, a Paris contemporary observes, lost the earthly paradise by a fault, and man to-day has found it by a crime. Ex-Lieut. Ulmo, who was condemned as a traitor and who is now on Devil's Island is the person referred to, and if our contemporary is not misinformed the assertion is not very wide of the mark.

The ex-lieutenant has a nice little cottage, his costume is white flannel and he wears white boots. He rises late and spends a long time dressing. His toilet table, we learn, is laden with scent bottles, and in the room is a portrait which bears a strong resemblance to La Belle Lison. His study is well supplied with books, illustrated and other reviews, such as one would find in a country gentleman's house. Books on philosophy also find a place, the ex-lieutenant's favorite writers being Kant, Fichte, and Schelling.

After breakfast Ulmo walks about his little domain, feeds his fowls, and gives instructions to his cook. Nearly every day a launch brings fresh meat from Tille Royale, and to guard against stormy weather and the nonarrival of the launch the lieutenant carries with him, a well-stocked larder, with eggs, butter, preserves, and charcuterie in abundance. After breakfast he takes a rest and then has a walk under the cocoanut trees. Then he sits under the shadow of the trees and watches the beautiful sunset and possibly thinks of Dreyfus in this little solitude. At lunch he can have plenty of fresh milk and cheese, for he has a herd of goats.

After dinner the ex-lieutenant and his guards play cards, and before retiring the chef—who, like Goldsmith's chest of drawers, "contrives a double debt to pay"—transformed into a valet de chambre, asks the prisoner for instructions for the next day. The correspondent who furnished this account was surprised at what he saw, and so we think will be his readers.

**Juggled Wallaby for London.**  
From the Baltimore Sun.  
"Juggled Wallaby," with red-currant jelly, or "Wallaby pie," is a novel dish with which Londoners are soon to be familiar.

Already it is on the menu of more than one restaurant, and before long, it is reported, the housekeeper will be able to purchase from her poultryer a wallaby just as at present she buys a chicken.

The wallaby is an Australian marsupial, a species of small kangaroo, and is nearly twice as large as an English hare.

The flesh, when cooked, is almost as white as that of a rabbit, and has a pleasantly soft, sweet flavor. To some extent the flavor is reminiscent of oxtail. The wallaby is a most economical food, being almost all meat, and quite devoid of fat.

**She's 125 Years Old.**  
From the Baltimore Sun.  
The oldest woman in the world celebrated the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of her birth last week. She is Frau Dutkiewicz, of Germany, and although she is bent and feeble, almost blind and deaf, she is not bedridden.

Frau Dutkiewicz remembers the Napoleonic wars and the fall of the Little Corporal.

She was married over 50 years ago, and has been a widow for more than half a century.

Her descendants number 250, and she has two great-great-great-grandchildren.

**Up to Them.**  
From Harper's Weekly.  
After collection in a certain colored church in Georgia, it was the custom of the minister to deposit the offerings in a box which he turned over to the sexton. The two would then hide the box, together with its keys, in a place known only to themselves.

Despite these precautions, it was found that small sums of money were being regularly extracted. So one day there was a conference between the two.

"Joseph," said the minister, sternly, "some one is taking church money from the box, and you know that no one has access to it but you and myself."

The sexton was unmoved. "Well, minister," said he, "it's like this: If there's a deficiency, it's between you and me to make it up and say nothing about it."

**Identified.**  
From Harper's Weekly.  
The new housemaid had just opened the door in response to Wigglesby's ring. "Is Miss Darborough in?" asked Wigglesby.

"Yis, sorr, she's in sorr, but she's engaged," said the maid.

"Yes, I know," smiled Wigglesby. "I'm what she's engaged to."

**Casey's Vacation.**  
From the National Monthly.  
Casey's wife was at the hospital, where she had undergone a very serious operation a few days before.

Mrs. Kelly called to inquire as to Mrs. Casey's condition.

"Is she restin' quietly?" Mrs. Kelly asked.

"No; but I am," said Casey.

### OLD MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

West and Southwest Africa Sanction Strange Ceremonies.

From the Baltimore Sun.  
The marriage customs in West and Southwest Africa are in many cases peculiar. They differ, of course, in various tribes, but they have a broad line in common. The coastal tribes always consider itself superior to the inland tribes. A man may marry any woman he likes of any tribe, it being held that he gives her his own status. But it is almost unheard of for a woman to marry "the death beat." As a result of this many of the women of the coastal tribes have married white men.

The parents of both sides rule absolutely in the matter of marriage between the natives. First, the would-be bridegroom goes empty-handed to obtain the consent of the bride's father. The second time he goes with gifts, and the father calls in other members of the family to view the gifts. On the third visit he carries trade-gins, and almost poisonous compound, generally from Hamburg. In the old days it was palm toddy or wine. On this visit he pays over an installment on the dowry.

On the fourth visit he takes his parents with him and is permitted to see the girl herself.

When next he call his prospective mother-in-law provides a feast for himself and his relatives, the host and hostess eating nothing, but taking a liberal hand in the drinking. Finally the bridegroom goes with other gifts, and the remainder of the dowry and takes the woman away. On the arrival at his villa they are received with singing and dancing. For three months the bride is not required to do any hard work, but after that she is forced to buckle down with the other wives and take a hand in the truck patch.

Polygamy is general, and the number of a man's wives is limited only to his ability to pay dowries and buy gifts. A man may divorce his wife at any time he chooses and for any reason. It is rare for a woman to obtain a divorce.

**At the Game.**  
From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.  
She—What did that man with the wire over his face say?  
He—One ball.

She—I don't understand why he said it.  
He—The pitcher threw a ball. That's different from a strike, you know.

She—Of course. Anybody could see he threw a ball. He had it in plain sight in his hand. What else would he be expected to throw?

He—A strike.

She—But the man with the stick does the striking, doesn't he?

He—He strikes, but it's a strike if he misses.

She—There! That man who talks said "strike" and the one with the stick hadn't stirred.

He—It was a good ball, and he ought to have struck.

She—Well, he didn't, and it isn't fair to treat him that way. Why, now he's dropped the stick and is going away.

He—Yes. He gets his base on four balls.

She—Why, you story teller, there's only one ball there. Say, Harry, do the players wear horrid spikes in their gloves?

He—No, the spikes are in their shoes.

She—Dear me, but I should think that would hurt. Why, I had a little nail in my shoe one day and it made me just as lame. What's that man 'way out there running for?

He—Trying to catch a fly.

She—Now, Harry, you're fooling me. The idea of making all that fuss over a fly! And it's too early in the season, anyhow. We haven't put up our screens yet.

He—Hello! A squeeze play! Bully! She—What kind of a play is that?

He—My dear girl, you have caught the general plan of the game beautifully, but the squeeze play is too technical. I'll explain that the next time we come.

She—Oh, will you bring me again? When shall we come?

He—The boss says I may have another afternoon off in 1915.

**Wonderful Country.**  
From the Chicago News.  
The visiting diplomat from one of the countries of Europe was being shown the stock yards district.

"And what is that queer-looking building over there?" he inquired curiously.

"That is a fat refinery."

"And what do they refine in there?" "Hogs."

The visitor made no comment, but in his letters of travel in his home paper was the following entry:

"America pays wonderful attention to refinement. They even have institutions where they make hogs refined."

**NOTICE TO AMATEURS.**  
The Washington Herald will gladly publish news items of all challenges or amateur games played in the District or vicinity.

Write plainly on one side of paper, and hand in or mail to the Sporting Editor.

**The Invalid.**  
From the Kansas City Journal.  
"You know that ball player who had a glass arm, a tin ankle, a weak knee and a lame tooth—the one who only played four games during the season?"

"I do."

"He's going to work in a stoneyard through the winter."

## GAS HEARING BEFORE THE HOUSE

Continued from Page Ten.

To put the case concretely, what does the decision leave of the alleged wrong and outrage imputed to this Company for daring to desire to issue bonds to cover property, physical property, mind you, permanently invested in its plant? Are we not by this reasoning of the Court purged of that imputed contempt? The Supreme Court in this case unequivocally declares, does it not, that surplus so devoted is invested capital, and the Company is entitled to receive reasonable returns upon it just as fully as though it were represented by security capitalization, and there can be no good reason assigned by anybody why invested capital, legally invested with full earning power, should not be represented by security capitalization for its full and just value.

Mr. Rothermel—We are all very much interested in Mr. Goldsborough's argument, but evidently he is not going to get through with it in time for Mr. Hazleton to close to-night. Mr. Goldsborough has been speaking for an hour and a half. I do not want to draw the limit on him, and suggest adjournment to another day.

Committee adjourned until next Monday night, when Mr. Goldsborough will conclude and Mr. Hazleton will make his argument.

**ANY DAY—**  
**GREAT AID IS THE TELEPHONE.**

**Skyscraper Buildings Would Be Impracticable Without It.**

Were it not for the telephone the skyscraper office building would be impracticable. More elevators would be necessary and larger halls, thereby reducing the income-producing area, says the New York Tribune. As a developer of real estate the telephone has not received a great amount of thought, perhaps, as people have become accustomed to it after thirty-five years of telephone progress. But viewed from the point of convenience which it affords in the city's vertical construction, and the part it plays therein, its vast importance stands out most prominently. The business section of Boston is solidly built up; land is held at very high figures and future construction, with the exception, perhaps, of banking buildings, will be on vertical lines more than ever. The cost of land in the business section is constantly going higher, but State street will remain the Wall street of Boston no matter how far to the south and west the retail or wholesale districts may extend. Washington street and Tremont street, Winter street and Temple place, Summer, Franklin and Milk streets will remain important business centers for the next century, and land fronting on either of those streets will increase in value yearly. The high cost of land, therefore, makes it obvious that future construction means taller buildings.

The modern office building in Boston, erected to the limit of eleven stories, would, as before stated, be impracticable without the telephone. Without it human traffic would be so impeded that the extra space made necessary by elevators to accommodate the crush would reduce the revenue of the buildings beyond any possible profit. The telephone is a factor in real estate development outside the business centers. In the modern apartment house it is now regarded by progressive builders as a necessary part of the equipment of a suite, whether it be an apartment of two rooms or one of ten.

Its influence in the upbuilding in the suburbs is very great. Places miles distant by reason of telephone communication have been brought, for all practical purposes, into the very heart of the city—business, banking, wholesale and retail centers. In Boston and in Greater Boston there are to-day upward of 110,000 telephones in use, this city being the second in the East in its demand for telephones. New York is third, with nearly 275,000, and Philadelphia first, with about 100,000.

Every completely equipped hotel to-day has a telephone in each guest chamber, and in every well-appointed apartment house will be found the telephone. No city in the world uses the telephone to the extent that New York does in the business center. In one building in that city it is stated that more than 2,000 are in use. Boston's largest office buildings have not reached that point, but this city is gradually getting around to the day when every important department, every important personage in a department, in fact, every desk will have its individual telephone, thereby saving valuable time going to and from the single-wire booth.

**Swiss Divorces Cost \$10.**  
From the Baltimore Sun.  
In one important respect the Swiss surpass other nations in the management of their divorce cases.

In every town there is a kind of official paper, known as the "Feuille d'avis," in which one may read daily the following announcement:

"Monsieur and Madame X, who are in instance of divorce, are requested to appear privately before the judge, alone or with their lawyer, in order to come to a reconciliation, if possible."

Before the beginning of every divorce case in Switzerland this notice is published and sent out to the interested parties, leaving the couple, of course, free to attend before the judge or not, as they wish. Often the couple meet.

Although there are no statistics published on the subject, it is said that at least 80 per cent of divorce cases are settled by the paternal advice of the judge at these meetings out of court.

In fact, Swiss lawyers will not definitely take up a divorce case until it has passed through the reconciliation process.

If one of the couple does not attend the rendezvous this means that the affair is to be fought out, but in any case Swiss divorces are not expensive.

The average cost in a contested case is \$200, and when both parties are agreed \$10 or \$15.

**Starting It Too High.**  
From Success.  
It was in the days before church organs and choirs, and Deacon Dorsey volunteered to lead the singing of an old hymn. He started out very well: "My soul, be on thy guard—ten thou"—and he stopped, unable to go any further because he had such a high pitch. He started over again, "My soul, be on thy guard—ten thou"—and once more he stopped, this time pitched so low that he could not proceed.

"Say, Brother Dorsey," said one of the congregation, "hadn't you better start it with five thousand?"

# Your Family Newspaper

Should be a reliable, trustworthy source of information—a paper any member of the family, from the oldest to the youngest, can read and be benefited thereby.

## Such a Paper Is THE WASHINGTON HERALD

Great care is exercised in obtaining and writing the news stories appearing from day to day in The Washington Herald. Another strong feature is the fact that the best merchants advertise in The Washington Herald, and you can depend absolutely upon their advertisements.

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By watching the advertising columns of The Washington Herald it will be possible for you to cut household expenses, and you will save the cost of the paper many times over. The Washington Herald is mailed to your home for 50 cents a month, daily and Sunday.